

## Last Night

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Summary: Hiccup's father is forcing the boy home after learning about his relationship with a punk named Jack. When Hiccup goes to Jack to share the unfortunate news, he learns what good can happen when he finally takes control. As submitted on Tumblr

## Last Night

\*\*I was inspired recently to write not only a smutty story, but my first HiJack and gay smut story. I hope it pleases you and your followers, and please forgive any misused grammar especially pronouns. Also, it's a bit longer than originally intended, but I think it's a good foundation for a short story. Enjoy!\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Jack grinned broadly when he opened his door to find Hiccup standing there. He stepped aside and gestured invitingly. "Come on in, Mister Haddock."<p>

He arched a brow. "Now it's 'Mister Haddock? Not 'Hiccie', 'Babe' or 'Prissy-pants'?"

Jack chuckled and shut the door behind him as Hiccup entered the small studio apartment. "I'm just getting warmed up. I haven't seen you face to face for a while, so sue me for being a little off my game." He noticed the satchel slung over one of his boyfriend's shoulder and he nodded at it. "I guess you've got somewhere else to be?"

Hiccup stopped and turned, looking over his shoulder at him. "I haven't decided yet."

He found the response puzzling and he scratched his head, combing his fingers through hair that hadn't completely dried yet from his earlier shower. "Okayâ€|so where are you thinking of going and what's keeping you from doing it?"

Hiccup blinked slowly, his lashes sweeping down to conceal his forest green gaze briefly. "Where I might go isn't important. Whether I do it or not depends on you."

Jack stared at him in perplexity. It sounded like flirtation but sometimes he spoke in ways that he couldn't quite translate. "You're a confusing man, you know that?"

He smiled a little and shrugged, lowering his pack to the floor as he turned to face him fully. "That's what you keep telling me." He shook his bangs out of his sight, revealing the delicate stare that tried to keep away from ogling Jack's toned arms and torso

Jack swallowed and exhaled through slightly pursed lips. "Hiccup, did you just come here to tease me some more? I usually love our little games but tonight isn't the time for themâ€|not with my final exam tomorrow. Tell me what's on your mind. Talk to me."

He frowned and lowered his eyes. "Fine. If you want to know what's really on my mind, I'll tell you. My dad wants me to come home. He doesn't want me seeing you."

Jack looked at him with empathy. "Yeah, I know."

"You know?" He raised his eyes again and searched his face. "How did you know?"

"Astrid," he explained. "We talk about you sometimes after classes. She told me your dad didn't like that his son was in a gay relationship with a punk like me."

He scowled. "That's what he said? And you knew he said that before I did?"

Jack took a step toward him, urging with his eyes for Hiccup to try and understand. "Hey, don't be too mad at your old man. You're his only son and admittedly, I'm not the nicest guy. Maybe I'm not exactly what he thought of for an in-law. He loves you, Hiccup. It might not be fair for him to look at me and think something, but you're from the suburbs."

"Quit sticking up for him," he snapped. "You're not trash and it doesn't matter where I come from. My dad has to accept that I'm gay and we're together."

Jack closed the distance between them and put his arms around him. "Hey, cut it out," he muttered gruffly when Hiccup tried to pull away, "the world won't end if you cry in front of me. Blow your nose on my shirt if you wantâ€|I don't care."

He shuddered against him as Jack pulled him to his chest and stroked his hair. A broken little sound escaped Hiccup's throat and he sniffled, hugging Jack tight around the waist. "Idf nop pair," he mumbled against his chest, breath hitching.

Jack frowned and looked down at the crown of his head. "What's that?"

He sniffed again and pulled back to look up at him. "I saidâ€|it's

not fair. Pay attention!"

"Sorry." Jack smiled. "It's a little hard to hear you when you're talking into my chest. Hey, try to look on the bright side. Maybe we'll see each other in the future and that's when we'll be together."

"But we're together now," he insisted. "I don't want 'maybe in the future'."

Jack wasn't sure what to say. Hiccup looked so vulnerable and sweet, gazing up at him with such trust in his teary eyes. At the same time, his words were true, he felt the tension in himself build up and the respect for Stoick to go down.

Being cursed with a reckless tongue as well as a reckless nature, Jack just said the only thing that came to mind. "You can be absolutely stubborn, you know that?"

Hiccup's expression hardened. "You asked me to open up and talk to you. If what I have to say is whiny, thenâ€"

"No," Jack protested, holding him tighter when Hiccup started to pull away from him. "I was just wagging my tongue because I couldn't think of anything helpful to say. You're not whiny, Hiccup. I think you're pretty cool." He brushed a thumb under Hiccup's right eye, wiping away the tear that escaped.

He sniffed. "I am pretty cool. Nice of you to notice."

He laughed helplessly and lowered his head to nuzzle his hair. "And modestâ€|don't forget that."

"I'm modest enough," Hiccup insisted, "You have a flaw of your own, too, Rebel."

"Yeah: a hopeless romantic. As a matter of fact, I still have that gift to give to you."

Hiccup eyed the satchel lying on the floor. "And I have one for you, too. Get yours first."

Jack chuckled and released him. He went to his desk and picked up a rectangular shape covered in solid neon green color. He handed it over and Hiccup frowned as he felt something hard and square inside. "What is it?"

"That's for me to know and you to find out. Open it up and look for yourself."

Shrugging, he did as suggested and he pulled back the wrapping. He revealed a hardback, crimson-bound book. His lips parted and he tilted his head to one side in wonder as he turned over the deep red book and read the embossed golden lettering on the cover.

"Romeo and Juliet by William Shakespeare." His eyes slowly widened and he impulsively reached up to rub at them with the fingers of his free hand, as if convinced his eyes were playing tricks on him.

Jack smiled at him, loving the expression of awe on his face as he

opened the cover and carefully turned the first few pages. "Do you like it?"

Hiccup raised his eyes from the book and stared up at his hopeful face. "Where did you get this from?"

"I worked something out with an antique shop owner," he answered evasively, shrugging. "When I found out he had this copy, I knew I had to get it for you."

Hiccup looked down at the book again. "Iâ€¦don't know what to say." His eyes searched his again and his expression softened. "Nobody's ever given me something so thoughtful. Most people don't even know me well enough to guess what I'd like and even my best friends and family have neverâ€¦you didn't need to do this."

Jack impulsively reached out to stroke Hiccup's hair, touched by his shyness and gratitude. "I wanted to. I thought you deserved it, after putting up with me for so long."

Hiccup's melancholy faded a little and he smirked. "Well, you are a pain in my ass." He stroked the cover of the book again and sighed. "But this extreme, Rebel. I don't know how I can repay you for it."

It was on the tip of his tongue to make some dirty, humorous insinuation or waggle his eyebrows at him, but Jack sensed his sincerity and he didn't want to ruin the moment. He smiled at him and he cupped Hiccup's face in his hands, willing him to understand how he felt.

"That look on your face is plenty reward for me. Besides, you said you got something for me too, right?"

Hiccup lowered his eyes, cheeks flushing in another display of bashfulness. "Nothing like this gift you've given me. My present sucks in comparison."

"Hey, don't say that," Jack insisted. He slid his hands down and rested them on Hiccup's slender shoulders. "I'm sure anything you give me is going to be great."

His face screwed up delicately. "I wouldn't be so sure of that. I made yours." He nodded at the satchel on the floor.

"A piece of craftsmanship," he declared with an encouraging smile. "And from my boy. What's not to like?"

Hiccup looked down at the book in his hands again and he went to the satchel, squatting smoothly before it as Jack watched. He carefully packed the book into his satchel, retrieved something wrapped neatly in soft leather, and got back to his feet. He stopped before Jack and hesitated, grimacing at the wrapped gift uncertainly.

"Well, it's the thought that counts," he sighed. "Here; open it."

Jack took the gift with enthusiasm he couldn't quite contain. Honestly, he didn't care what he was giving him. Whatever he made for him was as good as gold, as far as Jack was concerned. He untied the

cord holding it closed and he unwrapped the leather. There were more layers than expected and it took a few seconds for him to fully unwrap the hide.

Inside were two pieces of handcrafted jewelry: a spiked choker and a thick chain-link bracelet. The latter was obviously a sample of Hiccup's welding skills while the other was simple craft store studs on a leather strip. They were simple and his style, though the only real jewelry he wore were the snake bites on his lip and the plugs in his ears.

"Wow. I'm not usually a jewelry guy but I'll wear these all the time," promised Jack. He smiled at Hiccup. "How long did it take you to make them?"

He shrugged, trying so hard to look casual Jack had to struggle not to laugh at him. "It's nothing. It isn't even my best work. Astrid's better at making jewelry than me and she doesn't wear it."

Jack slipped the chain bracelet on his wrist and proceeded with the choker. The detail accented his tribal tattoo that started from his clavicle to the back of his jaw.

"Looks good," complimented Hiccup with a faint smile. "Looks good with your tattoo."

Jack smirked and stripped off his hoodie revealing more black ink tattoos and the white tank he wore. The hoodie was draped over his desk chair, leaving his arms bare. Hiccup knew his boyfriend was addicted to the needle and showing off his art whenever he got to, but there was a new piece on his bicep that was failed to be noticed before.

"Is that new?" Hiccup asked softly, looking up at him again. His pointed a finger to the circular symbol that looked to be an animal of some sort curled into a ball.

Jack glanced at the spot and nodded. Hiccup's eyes fell to it again as he struggled to figure out why it looked so familiar. Suddenly, he remembered where he'd seen it before. It was his own crest design of a dragon silhouette that he marked his important belongings with. He glanced down at his satchel and studied it with narrowed eyes. Yes—he could see that same symbol on the bottom left corner of the bag.

"You tattooed my symbol on your arm," he observed.

Jack averted his gaze and the blush on his cheeks deepened. "I thought you'd like it."

Hiccup tilted his head, curious. "You made me a permanent mark on your skin. Like you belong to me?" He compressed his lips and met his eyes challengingly.

Jack's heart was beating hard and fast. As usual, he said the first thing that came to mind. "Guess I belong to you forever, huh?"

Hiccup faltered and stepped back. "With everything that's going on? That was stupid. You shouldn't have—" "

Jack quickly grabbed him before he could get his pack and make a run for the door.

"Hiccup, don't," he implored softly, before he break free of him. "I'm sorry I said it like that, okay? I wanted to get something so I'd remember you because of everything that's going on. Don't run off."

Hiccup swallowed and licked his lips to moisten them. Jack could feel him trembling as he visibly struggled with what he wanted and what was expected of himself. "I know this can't happen," he whispered, "but that's my dad talking. He wants me to graduate, take over his business, find a woman, and settle down."

His eyes were warm with desire as he leaned into Jack and began to trace patterns on his chest over the muscle shirt he wore. Jack's breath quickened to match his heartbeat and he hoped he wasn't misreading him. "But what do you want?"

Another tremor shook his lithe frame and he reached up to cup the back of his head. "I want to see what else you've been hiding from me."

Jack took the hint and lowered his mouth to his, hardly believing Hiccup was finally starting to cave. He held him closer as their lips met, just in case he got skittish again.

He didn't. Hiccup Haddock showed him just how great he could kiss when he gave into his passion.

The slow, sensual glide of Jack's tongue against his made Hiccup forget all about his anger with his father, the impending departure and his uncertainty that he was doing the right thing. Now he realized that he'd just been told Jack wanted a courtship with him, by getting his trademark symbol inked on his skin forever. He couldn't even bring himself to be alarmed, though. This was their night and no matter what happened in the future, he wanted to show this rebel how much he loved him.

Jack's hands stroked Hiccup's back encouragingly and his lips and tongue did things to his mouth that all the smutty romance novels in the world couldn't lend justice to. Hiccup wondered how many other man and women he'd kissed this way and a flash of jealousy prompted him to thrust his tongue aggressively into his mouth. The move only seemed to excite Jack further and he made a low sound of approval and encouragement in his throat.

The floor didn't feel as solid under their feet as before and Hiccup's pulse was racing. His pelvis pressed against Jack's and when he felt the hard bulge of his arousal pushing against his body, he decided that kissing wasn't enough, this time. He wanted to see him—  
all of him. He wanted to touch him, to explore his body until he knew every inch of it. He wanted his layers of clothing out of the way.

Hiccup smoothly grabbed his shirt with his both hands and tore it open straight down the middle. He stroked one hand against the smooth, pale skin as soon as the garment was split open and gazed at his chest in hungry approval before grabbed the separated ends of the

shirt.

"I want this off."

"Well okay, but you could haveâ€" "

Hiccup yanked the ravaged piece of clothing over his shoulders and down, letting it fall to the floor at his feet.

"â€"Asked me," finished the tatted man, blinking.

Hiccup closed the brief distance between them again, rubbing his cheek against his bare chest before pressing his lips against his clavicle, just under his new collar. He felt giddy and ridiculously pleased that Jack wasn't trying to stop him or direct his actions. He stroked Hiccup's back and nuzzled his hair as he breathed in his scent and had Hiccup brush his skin with his lips.

He stroked his ribs and stomach with his hands while his lips ventured over the hard planes of his chest. He could feel Jack's heart pounding beneath his lips and fingertips, answering his own fluttering pulse. He sensed the tension in his powerful body and he completely emphasized. Holding back for this long, wanting him but unable to reconcile his needs with his father's wishes, it was all finally coming to a boil and he couldn't deny it any longer.

He wanted his pants off, too.

He contented himself with caressing his upper body while Jack worked at removing the clothing concealing his lower half. His mouth met his again for another kiss while he finished unfastening his pants. When he pulled away and bent over to pull his fatigues down, Hiccup was disappointed to see that he wore boxer briefs beneath them. He pulled his socks off and kicked the pants away recklessly as Hiccup started to voice a complaint about the last piece of clothing blocking his view. Before he could get a demand past his lips, Jack was kissing him again.

Hiccup broke the kiss and eased out of Jack's embrace, looking up at him searchingly as he reluctantly let him go.

"How much do you want this?" He tried to work some moisture back into his mouth as his anxiety rose to the surface. He had only various knowledge and self-confidence to guide him into this. He knew for a fact that the same didn't hold true for the object of his lust and he tried not to think about him with some other man or woman before him.

Jack's expression was completely earnest as he answered. "Like you wouldn't believe. It's your call, though. I know you're upset about your dad's decision and I'd never take advantage of you. You know that, right?"

Hiccup lowered his eyes. "I knew you'd say something like that. Yes, I know you'd never take advantage of me," he raised his eyes again and smirked at him, "not that I'd ever let myself be in a position where you could. I might be angry about this situation with my dad, but I'm not so emotionally fragile that I need you or anyone else to protect me from my own sexuality." He removed his own shirt and tossed it to the floor.

"Well yeahâ€¦I know you don't need anyone to uhâ€¦do thatâ€¦" Jack's words came out sluggishly and trailed off completely as Hiccup unfastened his pants and slid them down with his boxers to the floor with the rest of the clothes.

Jack's eyes automatically followed motions as Hiccup stood up straight again. His gaze slid back down again and he tried not to stare at the boner now gloriously bared to his vision. It was just how he imagined it: lengthy, thick and perfect. It was perfectly shaped and the head was circumcised. He kept his hair trimmed and neat, but all hardwood floor.

Jack swallowed, forcing his gaze to Hiccup's eyes. He was blushing again, but he held his ground and regarded him with quiet expectation. Jack couldn't guess whether he wanted to ravish him or wait for verbal permission to do anything, so he decided that honesty was the best policy.

"I'm having a really hard time not grabbing you, right now."

"Hard" being the operative word. The front of his boxer briefs were poking out obnoxiously, making his desire for Hiccup rudely apparent.

In response to his comment, Hiccup moved backwards, toward the bed. He eased himself onto it and lay down on his side, against the wall.

"Come here, Rebel," he invited in a purring voice. His eyes went to his tented underwear. "And take that off, while you're at it."

Jack glanced down at his undies before devouring Hiccup's thin, reclined form with his eyes and deciding he'd earned this. The only guarantee in life was death, and he hated the thought of meeting his without making love to Hiccup at least once. Jackson Overland's chivalry finally ran out.

"I thought you'd never ask."

Jack pulled his underwear down and nudged it into the pile of clothes on the floor as Hiccup watched. When he got a clear view of his proudly erect manhood, his eyes bugged out. He knew they came in various sizes and the protrusion of Jack's underwear and pants when he got excited led him to believe he was above average. Imagining how it would be was nothing like seeing it completely exposed and pointing at him, however.

His body was hairless and thus he had nothing to conceal his genitals. He tried to reason with himself that the lack of pubic hair could be making it seem bigger to his eyes. Jack didn't seem to notice his surprise at first, and he closed the distance to the bed. Hiccup instinctively backed up against the wall as he climbed in. Jack paused and frowned, finally noticing the nervous stare he was giving his groin. He stretched out on his side and propped himself up on one elbow, reaching out to caress his shoulder.

"You okay?"

True to form, he spoke his mind. "It's going to hurt a lot, isn't

it?" He pointed meaningfully at his crotch.

Jack gave him an openly quizzical look, his mouth parting silently as he thought over his response to that. He finally smiled and reached for Hiccup's hand, holding it gently in his. "A little. At first. But it'll be okay." He brought the hand to his lips and turned it over so he could kiss the palm. "Hey, don't worry. You've got all the power here, Hiccup. We'll only go as far as you want to, okay?"

He felt silly for getting so worked up over a body part and he flushed, unwillingly comforted by his words. He calmed his raging thoughts and considered what he knew about gay sex. Jack wasn't actually a monster. According to what he'd read, seen and heard, he was definitely gifted in the size department but he wasn't abnormally huge.

Jack chuckled softly and leaned toward him to brush his lips over his cheeks. "I love your shy side. It's really cute."

"There's nothing 'cute' about it," he mumbled. "It's stupid and Iâ€" "

Jack interrupted his complaints with a kiss that made him dizzy. His fingers caressed his face as their lips and tongue moved cajolingly against each other's, seducing Hiccup's fears away. The restless feeling of need returned and he stroked his bicep and shoulder, returning his kiss. He resisted impulsively as Jack began to guide him onto his back and he broke the kiss to murmur soothingly against his lips.

"It's okay," he promised. "I just want to kiss you, baby."

He let him ease him down and he started exploring his chest, stomach and back with curious hands as he settled on top. God, he loved his body. He could feel the strength in the toned muscles beneath the smooth, inked skin. He was just right: athletic without being overly bulky. He moved subtly on top of him, rubbing against him enticingly as he kissed him into a greater state of urgency.

He wanted to touch him between the thighs, but he slid his hands down his back to cup his bottom. He took a moment to enjoy the firmness of the cheeks. Jack kept kissing him and rather than be shocked stupid, he purred. He gently rubbed against him and pressed little kisses all over his neck and face. Jack's breath caught a little and he moaned softly and Hiccup smacked his right butt-cheek, enjoying the brief contact of his palm against the smooth skin. He felt the amusement spread against Jack's lips and he smacked his left cheek.

Jack winced a little, but the grin remained. "Kinky pervert."

"You're a bad influence."

He purred again and nuzzled his ear. "You have no idea how much I want you, Haddock."

Hiccup disagreed, thinking he must want him at least as much as he did. Jack trailed kisses down his neck and clavicle and the tension between his legs rose dramatically. He started to demand that he stop, but a sharp gasp escaped his lips instead as a shock of

pleasure pulsed from his nipple to the rest of his body. Jack's tongue flicked over the sensitive, hardening tip and his lips sucked at it. He wedged a thigh between his and pressed against his loins as he licked and sucked. He murmured husky compliments between kisses, telling him how much he loved a nice, smooth chest.

Hiccup's fingers threaded into his hair and he tilted his head back, shivering helplessly. He felt an acute sense of disappointment when he stopped kissing his nipples, but he was too fascinated by the feel of his lips caressing his stomach, belly-button and hip. He went still when Jack's hands urged his thighs apart and he looked down, blinking.

"Hey, what are you doing?"

Instead of answering him verbally, Jack demonstrated his intentions. Hiccup's objections froze in his throat as he began to stroke, swirl and thrust his tongue against his head. Jack purred when he shivered and clutched at his hair. If he minded having his hair pulled at all, he didn't show it. He pleased him with single-minded determination, stroking his shaft with the perfect grip and massaging his balls even going as far as taking his whole member to the back of his throat. Heat spread through his face, down his neck and through his whole body as the delicious, wet pleasure sufficiently stupefied him and stole his ability to speak coherently. He braced himself on his elbows and panted, getting closer to that final explosion of pleasure he had only recently become acquainted with.

"Jack," he whimpered, his toes curling of their own accord. The whole encounter was so unexpected and for some reason, he hadn't thought a man could give him an orgasm so easily. He was still learning how to pleasure himself but this misfit did it like it was second nature.

"S-stop it," Hiccup moaned, even as he ran his fingers through his hair encouragingly.

Jack did stop, then. Hiccup stared down at him in bewilderment as his blue eyes flashed up at him from between his spread thighs. "What? Why did you stop?"

Jack chuckled. "Because you told me to, sweet stuff. I don't keep going when someone says 'no'."

"I wasn't serious," he excused, desperate to reach that climax he had come so close to. "You didn't need to stop."

"Maybe we need a safe word, then," suggested Jack with a smug little grin. He kissed Hiccup's thighs and watched him grin with a promise in his gaze. "Unless you think I really should stop."

He narrowed his eyes at him. His pride urged him to put an end to this encounter before he lost all dignity, but he ached with unsatisfied need. The way he was kissing him down there felt so good and he wanted more of it. "Fine. I'll say 'calm' if I really want you to stop, all right?"

Jack gently licked Hiccup's thigh, making him tense up and smiled. "You're going to be anything but calm when I'm finished with you."

He snorted, regaining some of his wits now that he was calming down. "How can you be so sure that you're as good as you think you are?"

His breath tickled his sensitive flesh as he laughed. "I'll let you be the judge. I'm sure you'll let me know if I'm wrong."

Hiccup started to make a scathing reply to that but Jack's mouth was on his again and his eyes fluttered shut. He tried to encourage his actions without being overly expressive, not wanting to boost his ego too much. Each sensual stroke of his tongue made it harder for him to be still. He circled, licked and swiped with leisurely care and when he expressed particular enjoyment of a move, he repeated it gladly. Try as he might, Hiccup couldn't remain quiet or still.

Jack paused and laughed, disrupting the bliss and making Hiccup stare down at him. "What's so funny?" he demanded breathlessly.

"I'm not used to being cussed out when I'm doing this," he answered with a grin.

"Iâ€|didn't realize I was saying anything."

"It's okay," he assured. "It just surprised me. Relax, Hiccup. I'm not going to quit until you're satisfied."

Hiccup was about to blurt the safe word anyway, having no desire to embarrass himself further with impulsive swearing. His lips closed around his head and sucked, making a jolt go through him that almost made him go cross-eyed. He slapped a hand over his mouth just in case and decided to try and enjoy it while it lasted. This time, Jack didn't stop or pause until his thighs were trembling, his back was arching and he was crying out beneath his muffling hand. Jack slowed the motions of his mouth and he reached to fondle his balls gently. The added pleasure of his touch drew his climax out further and he reached beside to grab the fitted sheet, clinging onto it desperately in the throes of his pleasure.

Jack eased up beside him on the mattress when his climax faded and kissed his gasping lips softly while tracing patterns over his stomach with his fingertips. His sex was still swollen with arousal and it pressed against Hiccup's hip as he soothed him with calming words and little kisses. Hiccup looked down at it, admiring the shape, length and girth. He reached down to touch it, giving him a silently wary look. He didn't stop him and he nuzzled his throat with his lips as he gripped the shaft curiously.

He turned his head and kissed him on the mouth. He was surprisingly comfortable and relaxed nowâ€|possibly because that mind-blowing orgasm drained the last of his modesty. Jack's lips parted and Hiccup leisurely pushed his tongue between them to explore the inside of his mouth. He stroked him with more confidence and his soft groan of pleasure re-awakened his desire. He looked down again and a viscous bead of dew formed over the tiny hole crowning his glans. He smoothed it over the cap with the pad of his thumb, smearing the velvety flesh and massaging it gently. Jack gasped a little and he groaned, making him smile.

This truly could be his last and only chance to sleep with the man he

really wanted. No matter what happened in the future, Hiccup needed to experience that kind of connection and love, at least once.

He urged him to roll onto his back and Jack complied with an intrigued little smile, looking up at him curiously. "What'cha going to do to me, Hiccie?"

The flush in Hiccup's cheeks rose again as he considered previous fantasies of tying him up and licking him all over, but tonight he wanted Jack's hands free to work their magic and he had already demonstrated that he was capable of being still for him and allowing him to touch and caress him back at his leisure.

"I'm going to ride you," Hiccup answered huskily, after considering the question. He straddled Jack's hips and looked down at his erection, which was now resting intimately against his own member and lower abdomen.

Jack blinked, sobering. His hands settled on Hiccup's waist and he looked up at him with a curious mixture of excitement and concern. "Hiccup, I don't want to wake up tomorrow and find you all withdrawn and moody. I need you to tell me you really, really want it."

His calloused, roughened palms stroked him skin gently, gliding over his ribcage and up to his pecks briefly, before sliding back down to rest on his hips. Hiccup shut his eyes and sighed, entranced by the way he touched him. His hands felt heavenly on his body and he resisted the urge to purr again with difficulty. He opened his eyes and placed his hands flat on the expanse of his chest for balance as he shifted into a more comfortable position on top of him.

"I'll tie you up and have my way with you, if that's what it takes to convince you." He peered into his eyes, not entirely joking.

Jack laughed breathlessly and he sat up, embracing him around the waist to keep him from going anywhere. "Since you put it that wayâ€" "

His mouth covered his again and the kiss let him know he was more than happy to accommodate any desire he gave voice to. He combed his fingers through the shorter, tumbled locks of his unbound hair and wrapped his legs around his waist, settling firmly into his lap. His swollen length rubbed against his as he undulated instinctively and Hiccup nibbled his lip and purred, excited by the feel of it.

"You're a god," Jack assured him in a breathless, husky voice. "You've got instincts I've never seen before. I may not survive tonight."

"You'd better," he murmured between kisses and nibbles, "because I'm going to expect more from you later."

Jack laughed and he slipped a hand down, caressing between his pecks and along his stomach as he went. Hiccup jumped a little as Jack's hand sought out his wood he soothed him with a whispered promise that he'd be careful. Hiccup bit his lip uncertainly when his hand stroked back and forth, spreading the slippery moisture from his arousal all over his loins. Hiccup gasped as he felt Jack's cock delicately rub against his, thighs clenched hard around his waist.

"Okay," grunted Jack, going still for a moment, "Ribbs cracking hereâ€¦easy, babe."

He immediately relaxed his thighs and looked at him with wide-eyed concern, taking his words literally. "Did I hurt you?"

Jack took a steadying breath and grinned at him. "No, but you came damned close. Just try to relax and do what comes naturallyâ€¦as long as it doesn't involve maiming me, okay?"

He felt a little guiltyâ€¦just a little. He'd been so patient with him and in return, he tried to crush him. He kissed him softly and traced his lips with the tip of his tongue. "I'll try to be gentler. Just be sure you do the same, Rebel."

He tensed and his erection twitched a little against Hiccup's stomach, revealing the effect his teasing lick had on him. "I promise. I just hope you know it'll hurt at first, no matter how careful I am."

He shrugged. "It had to happen sooner or later." Inwardly he was a little scared, but he didn't want to give that away.

Jack traced the faded scar on his chin, where he cut himself on accident as a kid. "You're one hell of a man." He kissed the spot before moving his lips up to his throat.

Hiccup tilted his head to the side and shut his eyes, kneading Jack's shoulders and focusing only on the sensations and desire coursing through him. He fondled Hiccup for a little while and he reached down to return the favor, hearing a murmur in approval, hips flexing to encourage his touch. Jack's other hand slipped down and slowly penetrated Hiccup; one fingerâ€¦two fingers. The stretching was more uncomfortable than painful but it soon passed. His gentle thrusts began to feel good as his lust for him peaked again.

"Okay?" Jack asked, searching his face. He fondled Hiccup's balls with his free hand, massaging them gentle as Hiccup was to him.

He was distracted by the combination of feelings he was invoking and it took him a moment to comprehend the meaning of his words. "I'm ready."

Jack looked slightly dubious. "Maybe we should give it a little more time."

Hiccup gripped his erection a little more firmly, listening to his instincts and they wanted him to finally get what he had wanted for a long time. "I want you now, though."

Jack smiled at him, his eyes flashing with answering desire. He eased his fingers out of him and kissed him. Hiccup threaded his fingers through his hair and kissed him hard, letting him know in no uncertain terms that he considered him to be his man. Jack groaned low in his throat and he cupped Hiccup's bottom, urging him to lift up. He complied and Jack reached down with one hand to position his sex. He felt the tip press against his entrance and Jack cupped his bottom again.

"Ease down, Hiccie," he encouraged. "Take it slow."

He took his advice and gasped when the thick girth of his sex breached him. He almost lost his nerve and stopped, alarmed by the stretching sensation. Reminding himself that the body was designed to adapt to this sort of thing, he took some steadying breaths and put his arms around Jack's neck, resting his forehead against his. Jack supported Hiccup's bottom and reassured him in an unsteady voice.

"No rush," he reminded. He rubbed his forehead against his before kissing him on the mouth.

Hiccup's confidence returned when the burning feeling began to fade. It was still a really tight fit, but his flesh was relaxing enough around him to accept more. He let his weight take him down further and he bit back a whimper as he took him deeper into his body. Jack nuzzled and kissed his throat, holding still as he slowly sheathed his sex.

There was resistance after a while and when he tried to ease down further, it hurt. Unfortunately, he wasn't sure how to proceed. His anxiety rose again and he looked at Jack uncertainly, unable to hide his confusion.

"Iâ€¦I'm not sure what to do now," he admitted, silently asking him with his eyes to fix the problem.

Jack traced Hiccup's parted lips with his thumb before moving his hand around to the back of Hiccup's neck. He kneaded the spot around the base of his skull and he pressed soft, brief kisses on his face and mouth. "Some people say you should think of England."

Hiccup forgot the distracting pleasure of his massage and frowned. "What the hell does that mean?"

"I'm not sure," he confessed. "I think it's supposed to relax you."

"Well, I've never been to England and all I know is rain, BBC, and Buckingham Palace," he huffed. "Don't you have anything more helpful than thâ€œAAAHHH!"

While he was complaining, Jack's hands settled on his hips and he bucked beneath him, penetrating with no warning. The abrupt pain provoked Hiccup's shocked cry and Jack muffled the sound with his lips. Hiccup started to recoil, but the sting faded almost immediately and he was left with the feeling of him resting deep inside of him. It ached and there was a lingering burning sensation, but it wasn't as bad as he expected. Jack's husky whispers of apology and his kisses helped ease his distress. Hiccup reconsidered his decision to pull Jack's ears off in retaliation and he forgave him for the nasty surprise.

"I thought you'd want it done fast," Jack murmured, pulling back to gaze at him uncertainly. "Was I wrong?"

No, he wasn't wrong. He wouldn't have wanted to prolong the discomfort and truly, it felt much better now that it was over with. He smirked, more relieved than he cared to admit. "You distracted me

with that dumb advice about England."

"Yeah," he confessed, "I figured you'd get caught up in trying to figure out the meaning behind it and that would give me the chance toâ€¦|you knowâ€¦|get it over with for you."

A biting remark almost passed his lips but Jack looked so sincerely worried that he couldn't bring himself to make it. Their bodies were joined now and though it ached, there was pleasure in the experience as well. Hiccup stroked his chest and shoulders, feeling a little bad for the way he almost took it out on him. He really saw him. Not just the surface, but beneath. One thing that had held him back through all of this was his doubt that the rebel could see with his spirit as well as he saw with his eyes. Now he knew differently.

Hiccup hesitantly shifted on top of him, trying to decide how he should proceed. His hands slipped around to the front of his body and stroked downwards, sliding to his swollen sex. Hiccup slid his hand up and down his shaft, trying to pleasure himself as well as Jack did to him.

"Rock your hips a little, Hiccup." Jack suggested

He swallowed and took his advice, finding it difficult to undulate with the same grace while part of him was inside. Jack kissed his neck, jaw and the spot below his left ear as he gingerly tested his motions. Jack's breath caught and his fingers dug into Hiccup's hips a little when he felt comfortable enough to put more motion into it.

"How's that feel, baby?" Hiccup asked breathlessly when Jack moaned, rocking sinuously and rhythmically on top of him. Jack began to move his hips carefully, matching the rhythm he had chosen so that his sex was slowly pumping back and forth inside.

Jack couldn't think of words to respond with. There was a low, deep throbbing sensation that seemed to get more intense with every pelvic rotation. Each time his length withdrew and thrust, the glide of it against Hiccup's inner flesh felt better and better. He let his eyes flutter shut and he cupped the back of Hiccup's head, pushing his face against his chest unceremoniously.

Hiccup didn't complain. He held him tighter and he moved with a bit more force, his breath hot and heavy. Jack kissed his nipples and his hands rubbed his flexing bottom in a circular motion. Hiccup tilted his head back, amazed that it just kept getting better. He moaned softly when his lips closed around his left nipple and tugged at it.

Hiccup pressed his palms against Jack's chest, urging him to lie down. He complied and he continued to caress him as he rocked and gyrated on top of him, his vivid blue gaze locked with his. Jack's lips were parted and his hitching breath came faster and faster. He started to pump his hips with a little more force and Hiccup gasped, toes curling with delight.

Now the pleasure was so much greater than the discomfort and he honestly didn't mind his enthusiasm. Jack began to lift him off the mattress with each thrust, penetrating deeply without being harsh and causing pain. Hiccup started to lift his body when he rocked forward,

letting him slip out almost to the tip. When he dropped back down, the feel of him sliding back in made him whimper. He repeated the motions, familiarizing himself with the rhythm before moving faster.

"Hiccupâ€¦Hiccieâ€¦I'm really trying to hold back, but it's getting close."

He smiled at him and laid his hands over his larger ones. "Show me what you've got, then."

Jack sat up abruptly and held him tightly, startling him a little. His kiss was almost bruising in its intensity and Hiccup purred in approval. He cried out against his lips as he started to thrust his hips with powerful, smooth motions. It almost hurt, but Jack restrained himself enough to avoid crossing the line from pleasure into pain. Hiccup could sense that he was still holding back and he was vaguely thankful for that. He guided him up and down as he pumped beneath, gasping husky encouragement.

All he could do was hang onto him and moan, unable to match his motions right away. Though he'd taken over the encounter physically, Hiccup knew that he still had all the power. He trusted him to stop if he told him to, so he let go of his inhibitions and panted his name. Jack growled and Hiccup growled back, biting his lip teasingly between kisses. To his credit, Jack didn't try to flip him onto him back. He let him stay on top, giving him a sense of control to balance his current helplessness.

"Jack," he moaned, rubbing his cheek against his.

Something happened then and he thrust deeply, tensing up all over. He groaned heavily and held Hiccup tight enough to make breathing difficult. "Hiccupâ€¦"

He felt him pulse inside and felt the spurt of his seed. He trembled as he came, his breath halting temporarily. He groaned as he exhaled and he kissed Hiccup's shoulder before resting his cheek on it. Hiccup smirked a little, feeling accomplished. Jack's next words brought his head out of the clouds and confused him, however.

"I'm sorry," Jack gasped.

Hiccup stroked his hair and frowned. "What for?"

"I wanted to make you come again before I did," he answered, as if the answer was obvious.

He shrugged. "Don't worry, you took care of me earlier. It was your turn. "

"You're being really generous," he observed, kissing him lightly. He caressed his back, tracing his spine in that way that always gave him a pleasant shiver. He smiled when this time proved to be no exception. He kissed him again and shifted from beneath, turning his body so that his legs dangled over the side of the bed. Hiccup was understandably confused when he lifted him and he clung to him instinctively, like a sloth.

"What are you doing?"

"Carrying you," he answered with a wink. "Isn't it obvious?"

"Carrying me where?"

He chuckled. " How does a warm shower sound?"

Hiccup winced a little as Jack's member slipped out of him completely. A warm rinse between his thighs might soothe the sting. "I'm sold. You have some ibuprofen, don't you?"

"You bet." He gave him a smooch and pushed the bathroom door open before carrying him through.

End  
file.